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Allegiances

ThunderClan

Leader Bluestar- pale blue-gray she-cat with blue eyes

Deputy Lionheart- golden tabby tom with green eyes

Medicine Cat Spottedleaf- dark tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with amber eyes

Warriors

Tigerclaw- dark brown tabby tom with unusually long front claws and amber eyes

Whitestorm- white tom with yellow eyes

Darkstripe- dark gray tabby tom with black stripes and yellow eyes

Longtail- pale tabby tom with dark black stripes

Runningwind- light brown tabby tom with green eyes

Willowpelt- very pale silver-gray she-cat with unusual blue eyes

Mousefur- dusky brown she-cat with blue-yellow eyes

Apprentices

Dustpaw- dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes (Darkstripe)

Graypaw- dark gray tom with yellow eyes (Lionheart)

Ravenpaw- black tom with white on his chest and tail and green eyes (Tigerclaw)

Sandpaw- pale ginger she-cat with pale leaf-green eyes (

Whitestorm)

Firepaw- bright flame-colored tabby tom with emerald-green eyes (Bluestar)

Queens

Frostfur- white she-cat with dark sky-blue eyes

Brindleface- pale gray tabby she-cat with darker flecks and green eyes

Goldenflower- pale ginger she-cat with yellow eyes

Speckletail- pale golden tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Elders

Halftail- dark brown tabby tom with yellow eyes and part of his tail missing

Smallear- gray tom with very small ears and amber eyes

Patchpelt- small black-and-white tom

One-eye- pale gray she-cat with one yellow eye

Dappletail- tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with amber eyes

Rosetail- gray tabby she-cat with a bushy reddish tail and amber eyes

The Attack

"Marigold, poppy seeds, thyme..." Spottedleaf sorted the many herbs with quick, deft moves of her paws. Suddenly, her sensitive whiskers quivered as a new, extremely faint scent drifted to her nostrils. *ShadowClan?*

Spottedleaf shook her head. *I must be imagining things.* But then, she heard pawsteps, barely audible, behind her. She whirled around just in time to see the flash of claws as someone leaped at her. Remembering all the training from her former mentor, Thrushpelt, she instinctively ducked, baring her teeth in a fearsome growl.

Her attacker flew past her and turned around, eyes glittering with menace. In a flash, Spottedleaf recognised the battle-scarred brown tom. " Clawface!" she hissed. Panic suddenly glittered in his yellow eyes, and he flew toward Spottedleaf once more, claws glinting in the half-light.

I've got to call for help! Spottedleaf thought as she ducked and twisted. I can't keep this up for long. However, as soon as she opened her mouth, Clawface fastened his claws onto her shoulders, digging them deep into her flash. She let out a screech, and Clawface darted away, out of the medicine den. Red-hot agony made Spottedleaf's legs buckle, and she collapsed onto the den floor. The last thing she saw was blood gushing out of her shoulder, the scarlet pool growing steadily. *I'm going to die...*

Darkness enveloped her, and Spottedleaf knew no more.

Revival

[image]

A stab of pain made Spottedleaf's eyes fly open. *I'm still alive!*

An old dark gray she-cat with a broad, flattened face was crouching over her, chewing what smelled suspiciously like marigold. " Hey, what are you doing?" Spottedleaf exclained, making a weak attempt to stand up but failing miserably. "Helping you, mouse-brain!" the she-cat growled. With a start, Spottedleaf realised that it was the prisoner, Yellowfang. What was she doing here? Spottedleaf didn't have the energy to further question Yellowfang any more, and lay down reluctantly.

Yellowfang licked the marigold poultice roughly into Spottedleaf's wound, making her wince. This ShadowClan medicine cat is the harshest medicine cat yet! But there was something about the older she-cat that made Spottedleaf feel rather relaxed, and the moons of experience shone in Yellowfang's orange eyes. *It's good to be taken care of...*

"Hey, Yellowfang! Is Spottedleaf awake yet? " Spottedleaf hadn't even realised she'd dozed off, but a familiar deep greeting made her jolt awake. A bright flame-coloured tabby tom padded inside, and Spottedleaf recognised Firepaw, the newest addition to ThunderClan.

For a strange reason, she immediately felt more energised and called, " Yes, Firepaw. I'm awake," before Yellowfang could reply. The dark gray she-cat shot her a look as Firepaw trotted over to her, a plump mouse in his jaws. " It's sunset already, and the Clan is having their dinner already. I thought we could share this." he explained, sounding faintly embarrassed. Spottedleaf let out a soft purr, shifting slightly so that Firepaw could sit beside her. "Thanks a lot, Firepaw!" A warm feeling enveloped her chest as she took the first bite and Firepaw did the same, chewing slowly. The dying sunlight caught his orange fur, outlining it in a beautiful gold. *Oh, StarClan... why does Firepaw look so attractive in the sunset?*

As she chewed on the succulent meat, Firepaw asked, "How are you? Have you recovered?" The apprentice sounded genuinely concerned, though he did not meet Spottedleaf's eyes.

Sighing, Spottedleaf shook her head. " Not really, but I think that I will have recovered by the half-moon meeting in a few days." Firepaw didn't reply, just dipped his head to take another bite of the mouse. *It feels so good, having a nice chat with Firepaw and sharing prey together...* Spottedleaf mused. Meanwhile, Yellowfang, who had been sitting nearby, got to her paws abruptly. "I'll go outside to eat," the former ShadowClan cat announced, pushing out of the den.

A hot flush creeped up Spottedleaf's cheeks. *It's obvious what she's thinking!* When Yellowfang had left, Firepaw's emerald green eyes caught Spottedleaf's, and she jerked her head away, guilty of what she was feeling. She was a medicine cat, and it was forbidden to have mates or kits!

But again, Yellowfang is a medicine cat too...

P.S. the cat in the title is Spottedleaf. Is she cute?

The Prophecy

[image]

"Yellowfang." Spottedleaf greeted the dark gray she-cat with a nod. "Spottedleaf." Yellowfang did the same gesture. "You're going to the Moonstone tonight?"

"Yes. I think I have recovered enough to make the journey. Are you coming?" Spottedleaf questioned. Yellowfang had been a former medicine cat, so by right, she could come to the Moonstone as well.

However, the old she-cat shook her head. "I'll stay right at camp, thanks. Have a safe journey!"

Spottedleaf had forgotten how tiring it was to travel to the Moonstone. By the time she reached, her wounds were aching- though thankfully not reopened.

"Spottedleaf! Is all well?" Mudfur, the RiverClan medicine cat, greeted her cheerfully. Runningnose simply avoided her eyes, staring at his paws. "Yes, Mudfur. What are we waiting for?" The moon was high in the sky, shining brightly.

"Barkface," Runningnose answered, still not looking at Spottedleaf. They waited for a long time, but Barkface did not appear. " This is strange. Barkface is never late." muttered Mudfur, looking deeply concerned for his fellow medicine cat.

Runningnose looked guilty as he finally confessed that ShadowClan had driven WindClan away a few days ago, on Brokenstar's order. "What?! That's terrible!" Spottedleaf exclaimed, hardly believing her ears. *No wonder WindClan scent was stale, and ShadowClan scent was everywhere on their territory!*

Mudfur shook his head in disbelief. " Well, let's start the meeting anyways. Barkface is not to blame for missing this meeting; ShadowClan is." He aimed a pointed glare at Runningnose, who flinched as if Mudfur had swiped him. Spottedleaf thought that it

wasn't fair to blame Runningnose for Brokenstar's actions, but there was a part of her that agreed with Mudfur. Medicine cats were supposed to guide the leader by StarClan's will!

When Spottedleaf touched her nose to the Moonstone, she prayed desperately. *Please, StarClan. Show us how to bring WindClan back and make Brokenstar learn his lesson!* When she opened her eyes once more, she was in the grassy clearing of StarClan's hunting grounds, and her mother, Swiftbreeze, was standing in front of her.

"Swiftbreeze!" Spottedleaf cried, rushing forwards to nuzzle her mother. *I've missed you so much!* Licking the top of her head, Spottedleaf's mother questioned, " What is it that is bothering you?"

Filled with desperation and hope, Spottedleaf found herself pouring out WindClan's tragedy of being driven out, as well as her own feelings. " And... I feel a longing every time I spend time with Firepaw. I know I'm a medicine cat, and I'm not supposed to feel like this, but I can't help but... feel a pull toward him. " she finished, miserably staring at her paws.

Instead of reassuring her, Swiftbreeze's amber eyes darkened and she looked solemn. " Soon, your path will began to twist and turn. However, this is a choice you must make alone. As for WindClan, this is not much of your concern. The problem will be solved...but not without bloodshed, I'm afraid. If there is any advice you can give to those who search for the wind, it is to avoid the river, for there shall be an unnecessary death if they do." Confused, Spottedleaf questioned, " Why? What is going to happen? Why must they avoid the river? And who would go to find the wind? And why unnecessary death?" But Swiftbreeze only smiled sadly, fading as Spottedleaf woke, blinking her eyes in the darkness of the tunnel.

Something is going to happen... something disastrous. But I can't change it.

P.S. The cat is Swiftbreeze this time! Sorry if it's not that realistic.

Feelings

[image]

When Spottedleaf reached the camp, she was exhausted, worn out by shock of Swiftbreeze's prophecy. She also did not notice that the camp was almost vacant, with many warriors missing.

No sooner had Spottedleaf flopped down into her nest did she smell Firepaw and Graypaw's scent, followed by many others. Leaping up, she wondered why where they had gone. As their pawsteps drew closer, Spottedleaf realised that there was also the metallic tang of blood in the air. *Injuries!* Alarm flared in her like a warning bell.

Dashing out to the clearing, Spottedleaf was intercepted by Frostfur, who dashed toward Firepaw, exclaiming worriedly, "My kits!" *What happened to her kits?* Spottedleaf frowned.

Four small bundles broke free of the warriors, nuzzling into Frostfur's soft white fur and letting out little squeaks. Confused, Spottedleaf trotted to Firepaw and inquired, " What happened? What exactly is going on?"

Peering at her through eyes clouded with exhaustion, Firepaw explained, " Soon after you left for the Moonstone yesterday, when Tigerclaw was checking on Yellowfang, he found out that she had snuck away. Frostfur's kits were also gone! Every cat thought that Yellowfang took Frostfur's kits away, except Graypaw and me. So, to prove Yellowfang's innocence, Graypaw and I went to find her, and the kits too. Yellowfang told us that Brokenstar was keeping the kits. So... we found Whitestorm's patrol and together with some former ShadowClan elders that Yellowfang had recruited, attacked the ShadowClan camp and freed...the kits. Brokenstar...was chased out too. And Ravenpaw died." His voice faltered at the last few words and he stopped, breathing heavily.

"Ravenpaw... he's dead?" Spottedleaf felt dizzy. Firepaw nodded, not meeting her eyes. Seeing how tired the ginger tom looked, Spottedleaf led Firepaw to her den to check him over for serious

wounds.

She felt angry with herself. What kind of medicine cat left her Clan when they might have needed help? Ravenpaw even died! She growled softly despite herself, and Firepaw looked up. As though reading her mind, Firepaw comforted, " Spottedleaf, it wasn't your fault. The half-moon meeting was extremely important! You couldn't do anything to change it." "Well, I could have been there to save Ravenpaw's life, at least!" She hissed. Firepaw simply shook his head, looking at the ground. For a moment, Spottedleaf thought that the apprentice looked as if he wanted to tell her something, but there was only silence. *Don't you trust me?* She couldn't help but feel a bit hurt.

Spottedleaf reached for horsetail, chewing it quickly into a poultice and trickling the juice into Firepaw's wound. The ginger tom flinched as the juices seeped inside, and Spottedleaf couldn't help but glance up... into his eyes. For a moment, their eyes met, and Spottedleaf just couldn't tear herself away from that brilliant gaze. Her breath felt faster than usual, and she could feel that Firepaw was having trouble breaking away as well.

"Hey, Spottedleaf! Can you look at my wound please? It stings! " Graypaw pushed his way into the medicine den, breaking that perfect moment. " Okay. Just be patient for a while, I'm almost done with Firepaw." Careful not to glance at the flame-coloured tom's emerald green eyes for too long, Spottedleaf felt self-conscious yet again as she could feel his searing her pelt.

Will my feelings for Firepaw ever fade? And... does he feel the same for me too?

Hey guys I know that this timeline is a bit awkward, but I'm just putting it as ShadowClan waited for a little longer. Sorry about that though. Also, say hi to Firepaw (Firestar) this time! Though his eyes are supposed to be green.

-Ivypool224

Changing Roles

"Firepaw, Graypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your lives?" questioned Bluestar. The two young cats had fought well during the battle against Brokenstar, and now they were going to be made warriors. Both replied solemnly, " I do."

Raising her head to the sky, where stars were dotting the darkness, Bluestar proclaimed them as full warriors of ThunderClan. "Fireheart! Graystripe! Fireheart! Graystripe!" the Clan acclaimed the new warriors' names loudly. Spottedleaf chanted along with the rest, but her heart was hammering so hard that she felt it might burst from her ribcage. *I know what's going to happen next... hopefully this won't spoil the moment for Fireheart and Graystripe!*

Steadying her breath, Spottedleaf raised her tail, catching Bluestar's eye. The blue-gray she-cat looked surprised, but gave Spottedleaf a nod, allowing her to speak. " I would like to announce something," Spottedleaf began, fighting to keep her voice steady and not to betray her nervousness. " I have thought about this for a long time, and... I would like to train as a warrior."

Immediately, shocked exclamations rose from the cats- exactly what Spottedleaf had expected. Spottedleaf glanced at Fireheart, who was suddenly obsessed with his paws. Graystripe was murmuring into the flame-coloured tom, his yellow eyes darting from Spottedleaf to his best friend.

Bluestar looked taken aback, and waved her tail for control. "Spottedleaf, I have no doubt that you have personal reasons for declaring that suddenly. Come to my den, and we shall talk about this. Fireheart... I think you should come too."

As Spottedleaf followed her leader to the leader's den, all she felt was relief that it was over. *That was the tensest I've ever felt!* Hoping that her punishment for breaking the medicine cat code wouldn't be too harsh, she took a deep breath and stepped inside, getting ready

for the questioning...

The Ending

[image]

"And then? What happened next? " Spottedleaf's daughter, Squirrelpaw, pestered her with questions, her fluffy tail waving.

"Calm down, Squirrelpaw." That was Firestar, the Clan leader and Spottedleaf's mate. His voice was full of loving amusement as they caught Spottedleaf's. She smiled at the flame-coloured tom, her heart warm with love. " Well, not too much. A few days later, Firestar and I became mates, and 5 moons later, I got pregnant with you three!" Spottedleaf flicked an ear at the three young cats listening with wide eyes. "And as for the warning I got from Swiftbreeze, I didn't realise the meaning of it until it was too late. Whiteclaw, the former RiverClan warrior, got swept away when Firestar and Graystripe went to fetch WindClan." That day had certainly caused unnecessary death, and RiverClan had blamed Graystripe for Whiteclaw's death for a long time.

"No offense, Spottedleaf, but I'll always be a medicine cat! And I'll try my best to decipher omens, too!" Swiftpaw piped up. She was a medicine cat apprentice- the apprentice of Cinderpelt, who had been the apprentice of Yellowfang. "Well, good luck. StarClan is impossible to understand!" Spottedleaf couldn't help but think about how vague their ancestors were.

Firestar give Swiftpaw's mottled tortoiseshell head a lick."Spottedleaf, you don't talk about StarClan right now. At least Swiftpaw has a sense of loyalty!" he purred, shooting a teasing glance at Spottedleaf, who pretended to be offended, bristling playfully and jabbing her paw at the ThunderClan leader. "How dare you!"

"Our mother *is* loyal! " Thistlepaw, their only son, defended Spottedleaf. With a fake battle yowl, he leaped at Firestar, bowling the flame-coloured tom over and scrabbling at his belly while Firestar tried ineffectively to push Thistlepaw off with his front paws. While his littermates joined in on the play-attack on their

father, Spottedleaf gazed around the walls of the stone hollow, overcome with nostalgia.

So much had changed. Their home, Spottedleaf's role, but most of all, their lives.

But it was a good change. Spottedleaf was glad that she had been revived... it had led to all these wonderful moments with her newfound family.

(The cat is Thistlepaw)

Summary

So the summary of this bittersweet story is...

If Spottedleaf had lived, she and Firestar would become mates, then probably have kits. In this story, I made them have 3 kits, Squirrelpaw, Swiftpaw and Thistlepaw. Oh yeah, their mentors would be Dustpelt, Cinderpelt and Brightheart (cuz I want her to have an apprentice).

Changed Characters:

Squirrelpaw- Dark ginger she-cat with one white paw, a bushy tail, and green eyes. (Squirrelstar)

Swiftpaw- pale brown she-cat with a dappled tortoiseshell pelt, white chest and paws, and amber eyes. (Named after Swiftbreeze, Spottedleaf's mother)

Thistlepaw- Dark gray tom with black paws and a white nose, very pale yellow-green eyes. (Named after Thistleclaw, Spottedleaf's first crush)